

29. Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,  
I sat *a-weeping* : in the whole world *wide*  
*There was no one to ask* me why I wept,—  
And so I kept  
*Brimming* the water-lily cups with tears  
*Cold* as my fears.
30. Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue  
Might tell *us what* those sightless orbs have seen,  
*How* the world looked when it was fresh and *young*  
And the great Deluge still had left it *green* ;  
Or was it then so *old* that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages ?
31. Lo ! as they reached the mountain's side,  
A wondrous portal opened *wide*,  
As if a cavern *were* suddenly *hollowed* ;  
And the piper advanced and the children followed,  
And when all were in to the very last  
The door in the mountain side shut *fast*.  
Alas, alas *for* Hamelin !
32. *Strange* we never prize the music  
Till the sweet-voiced bird *has flown* ;  
Strange that we should slight the violets  
Till the lovely flowers *are gone* ;  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem *one-half* so *fair*  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake their white down in the air.
33. And so she pined, and so she died *forlorn*,  
*Imploring* for her Basil to the last.  
No heart was *there* in Florence *but* did mourn  
In pity of her love, so *overcast*.  
And a sad ditty of this story *borne*  
From mouth to mouth through all the country passed :  
Still is the burden sung—"O cruel ;  
*To steal* my Basil-pot away from me !"
34. 'Tis said, as through the aisle they pass'd,  
They heard strange noises on the blast ;  
And through the cloister-galleries small,